SECTION THREE.

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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SECTION THREE.

A QUESTION OF SERVICE

BY EDITH WYATT.

ON the most crowded part of State street, Chicago, is a beautiful candy store.

It stands, gay and glittering, in the midst of all the hurrying and nervous anxiety of shoppers and business men, and it is just as gay and as glittering when the air is richly yellow with damp soft coal smoke, when all the women's skirts are drabbled and when every one is either dragging despondently or hurrying distractedly as it is when the walks look wide and clean, when the air blows free and cool from the lake, when the women have on white kid gloves and every one seems to be taking a pleasant promenade.

It is decorated with pink and white stucco and silver, like a birthday cake or a paper-lace valentine, and it has a gleaming marble floor and dazzling mirrors, plainly visible from the outside through the broad, high windows. But all this pink and white, these beveled glasses and lustrous floors are only the shrine of what lies in long rows on the showcases. This is sometimes balls of rich, smooth, black chocolate; sometimes twists of pale, creamy molasses; sometimes dignified columns of shining, striped crimson-and-white peppermint sticks, and sometimes chaste, snowy squares of opera caramels, looking doubtless much as manna looked, but revealing to the taste the ethereal sweetness of the ambrosia of the ecstatic gods. Inside, of course, there are lavender, candied violet leaves and pink, candied rose leaves, whose flavor is doubtless much like that of the pearl dissolved in wine and which are probably bought only by people who choose their pleasures rather from a degenerate aesthetic ambition than from a healthy, natural taste.

Amid the mingled fragrances of these condiments and of nuts, raisins and sugared almonds move lightly and gracefully numbers of extremely pretty shop girls, and of all these shop girls the very prettiest was Annie O'Grady.

Annie O'Grady had the sunniest smile, the deepest dimples, the bluest eyes, the fluffiest brown hair, the most fairy-like figure, the whitest apron and the pinkest shirt waist.

Her days she spent in smilingly tying up boxes of candy, always hospitably handing out a piece to the customer before she closed the box; in tripping about with a tray of ice cream soda water, in allowing children to choose their purchases by tasting them and in tactfully guiding men, doubting over offerings to young girls into the judicious path of mixed chocolates.

Her evenings and her holidays she spent in the attendance of butchers' and grocers' picnics at Ogden's Grove, and of the Elks' and Foresters' and the firemen's balls, masquerades and dancing parties, at the numerous and pressing inviations of the hoppy young milkmen, floor walkers and firemen honored with her acquaintance and favor.

She lived with a married sister, to whom she gave almost all her wages, and of whose crowded Irish flat she was the light and joy; and justly, for she was so good that she used to take numbers of her little nieces and nephews with her when she went to walk in the park with Mr. Murphy or Mr. Sullivan on Sundays.

This was not because she was apathetic to the charms of these gentlemen, for, indeed, Mr. Murphy, who was widely popular among his brother firemen and even in the social circles of the police, absorbed most of her reflections.

Mr. Murphy was a large, dark blue Irishman, with very square shoulders and a very long waist. He had quick, gay blue eyes, a small top for his head, an enormous face and a long upper lip, covered with a deep black catgract of mustache. He used almost always to lead the grand march at the Elks' balls and he often awarded the prizes for the wheelbarrow race, the three-legged race and the fat men's race at the picnics at Ogden's Grove. It was a grand sight to see him swooping down a room in a two-step with a high-stepping, prancing gait, holding his partner's hand lightly and proudly between his finger and thumb or cutting a pigeon wing after elegantly handing a partner back in allemande left. Besides these material exterior advantages, he possessed the innate spiritual charm of good nature. He used to lunge at and tickle the nieces and nephews when they appeared ready for a walk instead of looking slightly sullen and morose, as Mr. Sullivan and Mr. O'Mara sometimes did.

Annie used to think with pleasure of his arrival whenever she had a new hat or a new collar; and she felt an especial, even a proprietary, interest when she heard the fire bells clanging.

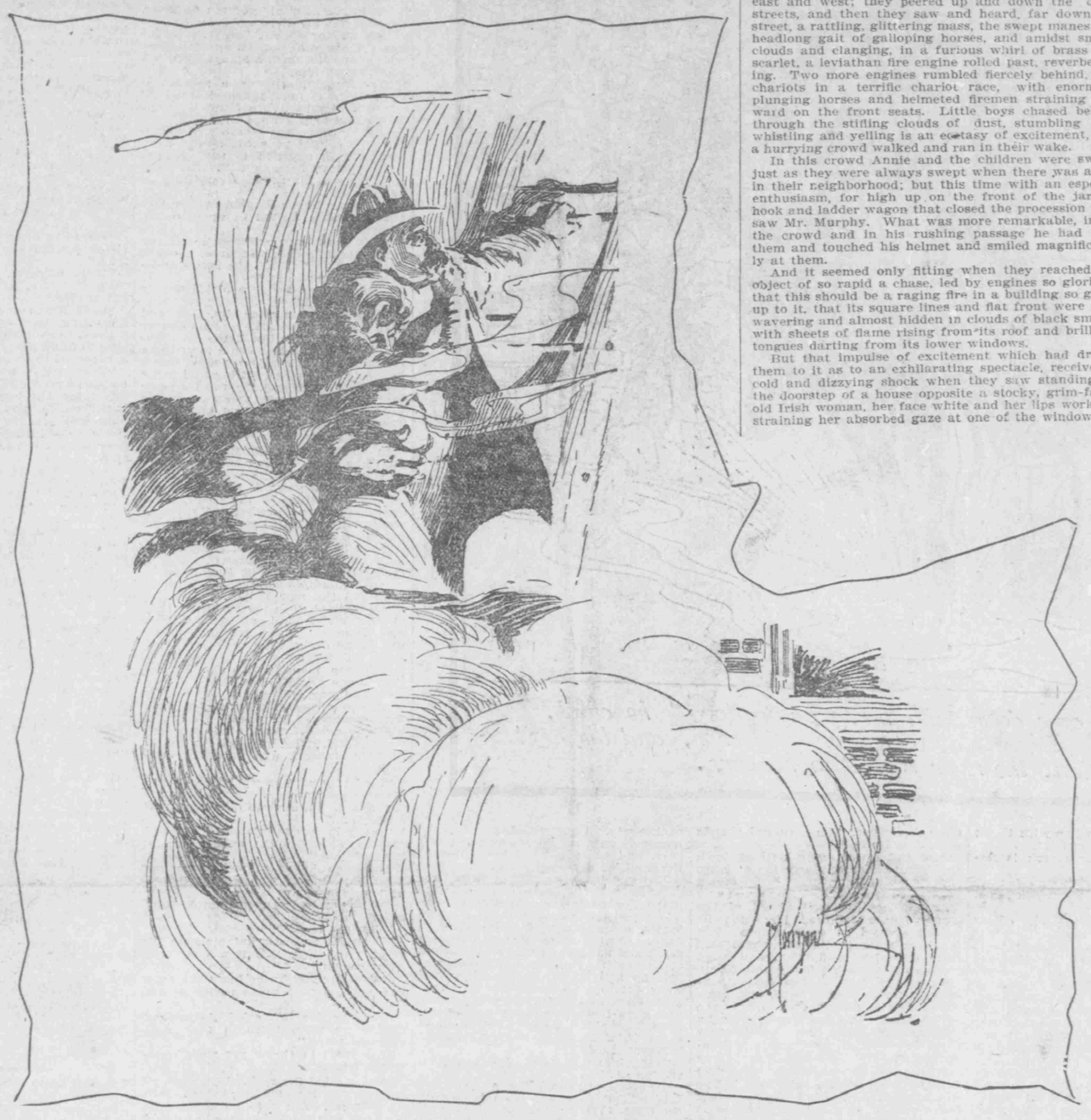
Indeed, on one of these occasions she told a certain sympathetic lady among the customers that she had a cousin—this seemed more delicate—who was a fireman, and so, of course, she was worried to death whenever there was a fire.

This customer was an influential lady, a serene, kind, rich person, regarded as almost indispensable to civilization by many women and girls. She was able to persuade them to do almost anything, more, it must be acknowledged, by the dignity of her presence than by the power of her thought, which was of the most soothing and casual nature, and made no pretense of being convincing.

She used to come with her daughter's children to buy candy for them; and on these occasions Annie would talk to her about her nieces and nephews; how her eldest niece had hair reaching below her waist; how they were all such perfect cut-ups; how on April fool's day they made some chocolates with cotton batting inside, and gave them to a friend of hers—it had been Mr. Murphy; how they were just in mischief all the time, and how her youngest nephew took the prize at a baby show.

Mrs. Le Grande on her side made appreciative monosyllabic replies. She was so pleased with Annie that she invited her to come to see her, and to bring her nephews and nieces to play with her daughter's children.

The day was so oppressively warm that the streets were empty and almost still; the grass of the empty lots was gray and parched and the dust was thick on the roads and on the burning asphalt pavements; the few people they met had handkerchiefs tucked in their necks, and a man passing on a bicycle stopped and sat on the curbing to fan himself with a newspaper. The children's arrangements of their turns under their aunt's new white satin parasol had just been fairly decided, and they were approaching the corner where the eldest child must give up her place, when there sounded on the heavy air the startling, hurrying clang of a fire bell.



People put their heads out of the windows; they rushed from all sides; they looked north and south and east and west; they peered up and down the cross streets, and then they saw and heard, far down the street, a rattling, glittering mass, the swept manes and headlong gait of galloping horses, and amidst smoke clouds and clanging, in a furious whirl of brass and scarlet, a leviathan fire engine rolled past, reverberating. Two more engines rumbled fiercely behind, like chariots in a terrific chariot race, with enormous plunging horses and helmeted firemen straining forward on the front seats. Little boys chased behind through the stifling clouds of dust, stumbling and whistling and yelling in an ecstasy of excitement, and a hurrying crowd walked and ran in their wake.

In this crowd Annie and the children were swept, just as they were always swept when there was a fire in their neighborhood; but this time with an especial enthusiasm, for high up on the front of the jarring hook and ladder wagon that closed the procession they saw Mr. Murphy. What was more remarkable, in all the crowd and in his rushing passage he had seen them and touched his helmet and smiled magnificently at them.

And it seemed only fitting when they reached the object of so rapid a chase, led by engines so glorious, that this should be a raging fire in a building so given up to it, that its square lines and flat front were seen wavering and almost hidden in clouds of black smoke, with sheets of flame rising from its roof and brilliant tongues darting from its lower windows.

But that impulse of excitement which had drawn them to it as to an exhilarating spectacle, received a cold and dizzying shock when they saw standing on the doorstep of a house opposite a stocky, grim-faced old Irish woman, her face white and her lips working, straining her absorbed gaze at one of the windows of the stricken building, where a little group of factory girls were occasionally and dimly visible through the mists of the smoke.

The people in the crowd were making frantic and helpless gestures; they stretched out their arms to the girls; they called to them not to jump—to wait. The girls were quiet and clinging together, apparently in a panic of dumb and hopeless horror.

The engines were already playing and the steam from the jets of water drew a thicker and thicker veil of white mist, occasionally blown aside by a light and rising wind, between the clamoring people below and the isolated girls above. The old woman pressed her hands against her head.

"My Kitty! My Kitty!" she groaned monotonously over and over again.

They heard the jarring of hooks and ladders through the chuffing steam and the murmuring crowd, and then in the blowing smoke they saw two men set the top of the ladder against the row of windows marking the floor next below that where the girls were. They could not put it higher, for the fire had curled up around the sill above, and evidently the smoke was becoming stifling there, for the girls put their heads farther out of the window.

They could see Mr. Murphy's long body hurrying up the ladder; he stood on the top rung and steadied himself with one hand on a projecting rain pipe. The girls began to speak and to cling together then, and the old woman stopped moaning. He held out his right arm.

"Just drop aisy," they could hear him call; the girl pressed closer to the window casing, got out and poised giddily on the sill. "Hang by your hands!" he shouted; she clambered down, hung, and dropped safe and plumb, caught in his arm.

The ladder trembled, the crowd yelled hoarsely and the girl, dizzy and white, was helped down by the other firemen to the crowded sidewalk, where the old woman, her mother, stood, now in a paroxysm of joy, pressing her hands together, blessing the saints, blessing the firemen, with tears pouring down her cheeks.

When the last frantic girl was safe on the ground Murphy turned around to the hurrahing, weeping people and climbed down the ladder. They shook his hand, some of them kissed it, they wept over him; they cheered for him; they carried him on their shoulders.

It cannot be said that Mr. Murphy knew so well how to behave on this occasion as he knew how to behave in distributing the prizes of the Elks or in leading the grand march. He hung his head and even growled when the old woman kissed his hand, and wished they wouldn't do it; and when he observed Kitty and her parent excitedly approaching him he longed more than for anything else to be able to get out of their way.

But when he saw on the outskirts of the people pressing around him Annie and the little McGarrigles, laughing and crying, it occurred to him with thrilling conviction that this incident would give him a considerable pull over Mr. O'Mara and Mr. Sullivan. His hope was not vain.

"I'm afraid I won't see you any more in the candy store," Annie said to Mrs. La Grange on the next day, over the counter.

Mrs. La Grange made a low, dignified sound, expressive of regret and inquiry.

"I ain't going to be here after the first of the month," continued Annie. "I'm going to be married. I'll be real sorry not to see you so often. I started to see you Saturday, but I didn't get there."

"I'm glad you didn't come," said Mrs. La Grange. It had, indeed, been the afternoon of her paper at the club.

"I got caught in that big fire. Did you see about it in the newspapers?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. La Grange. It was not a part of her Christian Science philosophy to acknowledge that flames might be painful, but she was sometimes startled into moments of sanity and inconsistency. "That brave fireman who caught the girls—I thought of your cousin at the time—I hope he wasn't in it."

Annie looked down at the candy box she was filling; the tears crowded to her eyes.

"That was him," she said.

Mrs. La Grange's heart beat with sympathetic pride. "Why, Annie!" she said.

"It's him I'm going to marry, too," said Annie, glancing distraitly about the shop with shining eyes.

"He certainly deserves to be made happy," said Mrs. La Grange. "And you, Annie, you know how much I hope you will be happy, dear child."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Annie with humble confidence. "He's lots too good for me."

Meanwhile two young girls, admirers of Mrs. La Grange, had come up from the end of the store.

"I've felt proud of being a Chicagoan ever since yesterday," said one.

"Yes, indeed," said the other. They were referring to Mrs. Le Grange's paper.

But Mrs. La Grange's head was so full of fire that she honestly misunderstood them. She was absorbed in the sense of something finer, more helpful toward progress than any paper she had ever dreamed.

"Yes," she answered, "I don't see how anything could be more inspiring than such a perfect and humble courage."

The Genial Idiot.

By John Kendrick Bangs

Some Timely Hints to College Graduates.

"THIS is a sad and solemn period of the year for some people, and for the time being I would rather be a donkey engine on a canal boat than a college graduate of last June's vintage," observed the Idiot, unfolding his napkin and scrutinizing the various objects of food upon the table. "Mary, bring me a bushel of those liliputian Saratoga chips that men call Force. I would infuse a little sunshine into my system this gloomy morning."

"You don't want to eat too much of that cereal," put in the Doctor. "You're a bit too gay as you are."

"I know I don't," said the Idiot. "And not wanting to, I shan't. Make it a peck, Mary."

"I should like to know why you'd rather be a donkey engine on a canal boat than a college graduate of last spring," said Mr. Pedagogue. "It strikes me that is a most extraordinary choice."

"I guess he's been sizing himself up and knows what he's fit for," suggested Mr. Brief, sarcastically.

"Guess again. Have another fit," said the Idiot, buttering the Poet's muffin by mistake. "I haven't been sizing myself up—it's a bad thing to do. When I do any sizing at all I size myself down. It leaves you a bigger margin to speculate on. But replying to your inquiry, Mr. Pedagogue, which was so rudely intruded upon by our Attorney General here, I'd rather be a donkey engine on a canal boat these days than a freshly minted bachelor of arts because the donkey engine has a steady job, knows what he can do, and does it, while the fledgling B. A. has come down off the high horse he has been riding for four years and is flying from pillar to post and from post back to pillar again looking for something to do. As each day of this halcyon month passes, and his chances for being asked to accept a $50,000 salary as the head of a trust company grow visibly less, he becomes correspondingly depressed and along about the middle of September he begins to ask himself if life is worth living after all."

"You draw a gloomy picture of the young man's condition," said Mr. Pedagogue. "For my part, I don't believe he is so badly off. There is plenty of work to be done in this world."

"Heaps," said the Idiot. "But the work is already being done, and when it comes to finding a place the young man who can orate beautifully upon 'The Influx of the Italian Renaissance Upon Chinese Art,' and who can converse fluently in 922 of the 8,673,412 Aryan languages isn't in it with the chap who doesn't know the difference between the Pons Asinorum and an automobile, but who can wash windows, when it comes to getting his name on the pay-roll."

The Poet sighed.

"I'm afraid you are right there," he said. "It was that very experience that drove me to writing poetry. When I was graduated at Blue Haven, I started in to get something to do, and at the end of six months had my name on the eligible list of about 400 places, but that was the last I heard of it."

"So you took up poetry to pay your poor but honest bills?" said the Idiot.

"I had to do something," said the Poet apologetically.

"And nobody blames you," said the Idiot. "There's no telling what some of us may come to yet. You might have taken to drink, which in my humble judgment is worse than writing poetry."

"Probably would have, if he'd had the money," sneered Mr. Brief.

"It's the same old story year after year," said the Idiot. "Times haven't changed in twenty years. That thing business men call the eligible list, on which they place the names of all ambitious Bachelors of Arts who apply for work, is the finest cemetery for undeveloped talent in all creation. Get your name on it once and Gabriel's trumpet itself won't get it off, except in very rare instances. Take the case of my friend, Jack Bilker, for instance. He was in my class in college, way back in 1883, and when commencement time came he was our valedictorian. He was beyond all question, present company excepted, the cleverest man in the class. In the fall he went the rounds looking for a job, and got his name on sixty eligible lists, but nothing more. Then, disgusted, he went to South America and married the daughter of a rich Brazilian, whose brother had been a classmate of his. The old father-in-law died a few years later, leaving all his money to his two children, and in 1893 Bilker came back to New York with his $10,000,000 wife. Years passed and by careful investment of his wife's fortune he ran it up to something like $20,000,000, and what do you think happened to him last week?"

"Lost it all on Wall street," suggested the Bibliomaniac.

"No, sir. He got a letter," said the Idiot. "A letter from one of the firms in New York to whom he applied twenty years ago for a job, saying that they had at last found an opening for him and if he could bring good references and would call at the office the following Monday they would give him a place in the packing department at $5 per week. He's the only man in my experience who ever got off that eligible list, and it took him just twenty years, three months and five days to do it."

"Very interesting," said Mr. Whitechoker. "And what did Mr. Bilker do? Write a polite letter declining the position?"

"Not he," said the Idiot. "He gave it to his son, Jack Bilker, jr., who had just taken his degree at the University of Magenta, and sent him down to get the place. He got it and begins work tomorrow."

"I shouldn't think a man with $20,000,000 would want his son to take a position of that kind," said Mrs. Pedagogue.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the Idiot. "It's exactly what he did want. Living on the income of $20,000,000 is very expensive business, Mrs. Pedagogue, and even the millionaire in these days cannot afford to sneeze at a $5 bill."

"There must be something wrong with our system if a well-instructed youth, willing and able to work, cannot secure employment," said Mr. Pedagogue. "Such a condition of affairs would soon give a black eye to the cause of education."

"It is not the fault of our system," observed the Idiot. "It's the fault of our colleges mainly and incidentally of the boys themselves. I wonder sometimes why, when the educational congress meets in Boston we do not hear of papers by our college presidents on this particular subject. They discuss Latin and Greek and five-minute courses, and 'Should Seniors be Spanked?' and things like that, but 'What Shall We Do To Get the Boys a Job' seems to have escaped the eagle eyes of Dr. Hadley, President Eliot and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. I wish they'd ask me to one of their conferences just once. I'd give 'em a talk on 'What Is Our Duty to the Kid?' that would open their eyes."

"Just think of the Idiot speaking before that Boston crowd!" sneered the Bibliomaniac.

"Harvard would probably give him an LL. D. for his wondrous contribution to the cause of education," said Mr. Brief. "Then we should hear of Dr. Idiot, the probable successor to Dr. Eliot. I tell you—"

"Don't tell us—please," said the Idiot. "You draw such an alluring picture of the future that you might tempt me to give up trying to unload the bonds of the United States Panama Hat company upon an unsuspecting public and announce myself definitely as a candidate for the presidency of Yale or Harvard."

"You might write a letter to the newspapers embodying your views on the subject, however," said Mr. Whitechoker, who was visibly interested.

"I shall never waste any of my ideas upon the desert correspondence column," returned the Idiot. "I'd rather put 'em somewhere where they'll be read—in the last chapter of a romantic novel or in the advertising pages of a magazine."

"You're so coy about saying what they are," observed Mr. Brief, "that I don't believe you've got any views on the subject."

"Yes I have," said the Idot, "and they're simple. They are summed up in the injunction, 'Teach the Boys How to do Something.' Doesn't make any difference what it is as long as it's something. There isn't much to do except read Latin at sight and that isn't much help in the dry goods business, and even a most intimate knowledge of the minute details of the Seventeenth Punic war isn't going to get Mr. Schwab's place for anybody. Fancy a boy walking up to Mr. Pierpont Morgan and saying, 'Mr. Morgan, I want a job.' 'Well,' says Morgan, 'what can you do?' 'I can tell you who was king of Kamschatka in B. C. 423, and I can quote Homer to beat the band.' What do you suppose Mr. Morgan would say to that young man—why it wouldn't be fit to print!"

"They do teach young men the professions," said Mr. Brief. "Law, medicine, theology, letters—"

"But all those professions are overcrowded," said the Idiot, "while the country is simply crying for good farmers, well-trained janitors, expert chauffeurs, railway conductors, and hotel clerks. Every man nowadays wants to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a clergyman, and the colleges foster that spirit by cultivating special schools. If they'd get up a good course in janiting, it would afford a fine opening for a young man—"

"Who'd be a janitor!" cried the Bibliomaniac.

"If it was, as it ought to be, an honorable calling for which men were fitted in college, a great many would," said the Idiot. "It pays a fair salary, the work is not difficult; it is a commanding position—the janitor is monarch of all he surveys and much that he doesn't, besides—and a young man who gets it steps into a nice little apartment on the ground floor that is all his own, big enough for him and his wife, and which he occupies free of charge from the moment he secures the appointment; and of all the professions of the present day, it is the one that stands most in need of being elevated."

"What good is a college education to a farmer?" demanded the Bibliomaniac.

"I don't know," said the Idiot. "You had a college education and ought to be able to tell us. I should say, however, that for the reflective mind, which a college education should assure, there is nothing more delightful than a farmer's life. What joy to toss hay with the measures of Euclid ringing in our ears; what bliss to milk the cow while the mind busies itself with the intricate problems of Plutarch; what felicity to churn the butter with one's thoughts harking back to the Epitaphs of Aristotle, or to fodder the cattle with the sonorous songs of Socrates—"

"Oh, tut!" cried Mr. Pedagogue.

"They have a school of agriculture at Cornell," said Mr. Whitechoker.

"They have indeed," said the Idiot. "And it proves my point. It prepares men for the future. It gives them at least one thing they can do. I don't believe there's an institution in this country that turns out better oarsmen than that same school of agriculture up at Ithaca. Read the racing records of the past twenty-five years and you'll see."

"They must have taught Idiocy at your Alma Mater," said Mr. Brief.

"They did," observed the Idiot. "And they taught it well. There was a time when I could be an Idiot in five languages, two dead and three living."

"Well, anyhow, I don't believe on the whole, that your ideas will prove practicable," said the Doctor. "Our universities aren't going to turn themselves into trade schools."

"Then," said the Idiot, "for the ordinary college graduate there is only one way to assure himself of immediate employment, and a quick fortune."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Brief.

"To marry a rich girl," repied the Idiot. "I'm told it's a very pleasant business."

When the Grizzly Bear Was a Decided Novelty.

The famous Grisly Bear, hitherto unseen in the inhabited countries, and entirely unknown until the celebrated A. Mackenzie gave some account of that extraordinary animal, having met him in the neighborhood of the Rocky mountains, by 59 degrees north latitude, in his ever-memorable expedition to the Pacific ocean, through the northwestern continent of America.

This animal was born in the spring of the year 1802, not far from the sources of the river Missoury, about 4,500 miles from Philadelphia, in a country inhabited by an Indian nation called the Cottanohowes. He is the first of his species that ever was seen, and seems to be a separate class of white bear, which differs from those known to and described by the naturalists, as well in point of color as in point of inclinations.

His hair is kind of straw color or light gorrel, neither hard nor stiff, but somewhat like wool. His inclinations are so ferocious that he follows the tracks of men and attacks them with undaunted fury.

Mackenzie's own expressions respecting that extraordinary beast are as follows: "We perceive along the river, tracks of large bears, some of which were nine inches wide and of a proportionate length. We saw one of their dens or winter quarters, called watte, which was ten feet deep, five feet high, and six feet wide; but we had not yet seen one of these animals. The Indians entertain great apprehensions of this kind of a bear, which is called the Grisly Bear; and they never venture to attack it but in a party of at least three or four."

By the size of this one, who has hardly attained a third part of his bigness, by the length of his claws when yet so young, one may form an idea of the powerful strength of that dangerous animal, which may be, considered as the most formidable wild beast of the continent of America.

During the short time of 2 weeks only will the Grisly Bear be seen at any hour of the day, at the MUSEUM.

The price of admittance 25 cents, and half price for children.—Philadelphia North American, Aug. 23, 1803.